

Hey this is just a OneShot tear-jerker that could possibly be one of the considered endings of Harry Potter and the Truth of Evans-Potter.

I don't know if it will bring you o tears but it sure did me... though I'm easy to make cry...

Anyhoo,

Drop a REVIEW

Presenting,

Since You...

Harry couldn't believe this actually happened.

He left them.

If only it was another nightmare, if only he would pop back and tell them it was all just a cruel joke, if only...

Harry heard a huge sob from behind him and he knew it was Hermione, attempting once again to hide her sadness and depression at losing... him.

It was not a nightmare, nor a cruel joke and he most certainly wasn't going to pop back any time soon.

Harry sighed deeply as a lone tear escaped his eye and he violently wiped it away.

Ronald Bilius Weasley had left them, that was that.

The endless sobbing ceased after some time and was reduced to a mere sniffing.

Harry sighed again, why couldn't Hermione get over that redheaded git? Why did she ever fall for him in the first place? Why could she only see him in that light? Why was he, Harry, unable to soothe her and comfort her like she did for him on countless occasions? Why had he dragged her with him into this huge mess? Why was she, the brightest witch of their age, festering away in a lone camp in an

unknown forest with a boy she obviously blamed for losing the love of her life? Why...?

He was interrupted from his musings as he heard a strangled and heavy voice call his name.

"Harry...?" Came the hesitant voice.

Harry immediately got up and rushed in. This was the first time since Ron left that Hermione had acknowledged him. He couldn't wait till she would let him hold her and console her without pushing him away. Harry knew that getting perverse pleasures by holding Hermione and later fantasizing about her was not best friendish behaviour, but he couldn't help it. He was in love with his best friend who was in love with their other best friend, who was a complete prat for leaving them in such a fix.

"Hermione, are you okay?" He was still jostled by her sudden call but when he saw her, his heart stopped. Hermione's eyes were puffy and red, her cheeks stained with tears and her hair, bushier than ever, splayed along the mattress she was lying on.

Even when she was depressed and mortified, she took his breath away with her innocent and silent beauty.

"Harry..." She said hesitantly, "Will you please hold me?"

That was all Harry needed as he jumped for the opportunity and laid down on the blanket behind her. She leaned back in him such that her back was facing Harry's chest. Harry draped his arm around her waist and pulled her closer, which she willingly obliged to.

They stayed like that for a long time and tremors occasionally rocked her body as Harry held onto her, firmly but with gentleness, supportively but possessively. Harry didn't even realize when his hands were firmly tightened around Hermione's waist and he was pulling her closer.

Hermione calmly turned behind and faced him, "Harry? What are you doing?"

Harry lowered his head and hid himself in her bushy hair before speaking, "Hermione if I tell you something tonight, will you promise never to judge me for it, promise to still be my best friend despite it?"

Hermione was surprised by the naked emotion and desperation in Harry's tone and only nodded mutely in agreement.

Harry raised himself from the ground and the two of them were immediately missing the contact. Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a small piece of paper. He handed it to her and she gingerly opened it.

"WAIT!" yelled Harry.

Hermione looked at him alarmed till he calmed down.

"Umm... Wait till I leave the tent..." He said uncertainly.

Hermione just nodded, now genuinely intrigued by his odd behaviour.

Harry got up and left the tent to continue his watch whilst Hermione read the paper he had so carefully handed her. As her eyes trailed down and registered the words on the paper, tears she didn't feel she had anymore freely fell from her eyes.

Harry sat outside staring at the empty sky wondering why he had just ruined the most important and only friendship he had left. He was playing with a blade of grass between his thumb and forefinger when Hermione called him back in.

Harry stood and hesitantly, summoning all his Gryffindor courage walked back into the tent, ready to face his execution.

What he was not ready for was the raucous assault of his best friend as she crashed into his frame and hugged him with all her might.

"Why didn't you ever mention it before Harry? Why...?" Was all she could manage till she enveloped Harry in warm, soft kisses that the young hero only dreamed of gaining from her.

Harry broke out of his shocked stupor and responded vigorously, trailing his kisses down her temple to her lips. When at last the their

lips met, Harry felt the fireworks go off as they kissed each other into oblivion.

It wasn't a mad or crazy first kiss, it was sweet, gentle and hesitant, each worried that if they do something wrong, the other might disappear.

As their lips parted Harry gazed lovingly into Hermione's eyes and she stared back with a new sparkle.

"Since when Harry?" She said quietly.

"Since when I saw a bushy-haired, know-it-all barge into my compartment looking for a toad on the Hogwarts' Express." He said as he felt his own betraying tears stinging his eyes.

Hermione enveloped him in a hug and muttered, "I never thought... I waited for so long... I hoped... But Cho... and Ginny... So I moved on and Ronald..."

Harry silenced her with a feather-light brush of his lips across hers.

"Hermione, I love you and if we ever get through this nightmare, will you be my girlfriend?" Harry asked timidly.

"Yes!" Hermione exclaimed as she tossed herself on Harry. Knocking the two of them over as they stumbled on the ground and kissed like starved lovers.

Five months later...

Hermione awoke with a start and looked around herself maniacally.

"Something wrong love?" Hermione turned and faced her beloved Harry, lying half-naked in bed with her.

She sighed in relief as she shook her head and kissed him. Harry chuckled lightly and kissed her back before settling down in bed with her.

Hermione sighed contentedly, she hadn't felt this restful since the Final Battle of Hogwarts, in fact she still got nightmares about the whole incident, but her Harry had pulled through it all.

She smiled seeing the sunlight glint of the windowsill and shine on his bare, muscled back. She traced patterns on it unconsciously, seeing the area illuminate in the light and Harry wriggled under her touch causing her grin to widen.

Luna Lovegood was not as dreamy a twat as everyone made her out to be. She had proved her mettle during the dreaded Final Battle of Hogwarts and had escaped relatively unscathed. Since then she had taken to living with some friends in an apartment in Hogsmeade. They were all survivors of the Second War of Voldemort and were constantly haunted by nightmares. Needless to say when she heard Hermione's audible gasp as she sat in the kitchen, she was alarmed and ran to the door of the brightest witch of the age.

"Harry!" Hermione laughed as Harry tickled her mercilessly.

He laughed along with her as the sheer sight of her laughing brought a smile on his lips.

The laughter soon died away as Harry stared at her seriously and she looked at him back.

"Hermione... I need to ask you to do something for me." Harry said seriously.

"Yes love?" Hermione answered winningly.

"Promise me..." He choked up here as Hermione gazed at him, willing him to say something to her. She felt it had been too long since he had asked something of her.

"Yes Harry?" She pressed.

He was visibly shaken and the sunlight was making his green eyes shine like real emeralds, Hermione was as usual mesmerized by them and their perfection.

"Promise me Hermione, that if something happens to me, you will move on. No matter what, you will continue living, for me..." He whispered the last two words but Hermione heard them and started shaking violently.

She could see the hurt and misery in his eyes as he asked her to forget about him and move on. How could she promise him that? How could he ever expect her to leave him and forget him? Ludicrous!

She shook her head defiantly and her brown hair seemed almost golden as she expressed her rejection.

Harry sighed dejectedly, "I love you Hermione..."

Hermione smiled at him, glad he gave up trying to get away from her and kissed him before saying, "I love you too... never leave me."

"Never..." He said as he enveloped her in a hug, the warmth of the morning sun shining through the curtains and bathing them in its picturesque beauty as they sat together in the middle of the bed.

Luna made her way silently to Hermione's door and debated whether or not to open it. She carefully edged the door open and the sight she saw inside nearly melted her war-torn heart.

The room was pitch black, there was no light, no heat, no warmth.

Hermione sat alone in the centre of her bed, her head in her hands as she cried, her once-brown hair appearing completely black at the utter desolation and helplessness of her situation.

Luna approached the older girl's bed and sat down beside her as she cried on her shoulder.

"He promised me Luna." She said in between sobs, "He promised he'd never leave."

Luna didn't say a word as she patted Hermione on her back and held her till the tears subsided. Once Hermione was asleep, Luna stood and left the house quietly, walking all the way up to the recently erected Hogsmeade cemetery.

In the middle was a large white, marble grave with a picture of a green-eyed boy on top of it.

Luna approached the grave and knelt beside it, reading the inscription for what must have been the thousandth time:

Harry James Potter

A loyal friend

A passionate lover

A courageous saviour

Luna wiped away the tears that inevitably fell from her eyes. As she rose she felt something stubbing against her feet. She lowered a hand and pulled out a worn-out piece of yellowing parchment stuck under the grave. She opened it and read:

Since you saved a toad of an unknown boy,

Since you huddled underneath a troll,

Since you smiled after being unpetrified,

Since you got my broom confiscated,

Since you held onto me as we rode a hippogriff,

Since you hugged me before I faced the Horntail,

Since you went to the Yule Ball,

Since you hugged me at Grimmauld Place,

Since you fell in the Department of Mysteries,

Since you told me to give up the book,

Since you joined me in the hunt.

I, Harry James Potter, have been in love with you, Hermione Jane Granger; since as far as I can remember...

Tears fell from Luna's eyes as she read the parchment and she quickly stuck it back under the grave where she found it.

She looked lovingly at Harry's picture and whispered a single sentence before she walked away, her dreamy eyes and swishing blonde hair in place, forgetting the parchment and its significance.

"She loves you Harry, but I'll take care of her, just like I promised you..."

Well?

REVIEW would be great :)